

There's No Way That I'll Say No

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Gogo crashes in an ice cream parlor at eleven in the evening.

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Chapter 1

"Ugh," Gogo smartly says. She draws a chair out from under a table and all but collapses on it. She's quite content to remain sitting there, head on her table, when a voice pipes up.

"Rough day at work?"

The biker shifts around just enough for her to see a tall, blonde figure. "College. Pain. Tired."

A whistle. "I can see that. Anyway, it's eleven in the evening and we were just closing up." Just before Gogo's about to get up and leave, the voice continues. "We sold out of chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla. Um... pistachio? Our pistachio's pretty good."

Gogo lifts her head from the table, a little more than slightly confused. "I wasn't..."

"You chose to crash in an ice cream parlor," the blonde says, shrugging. "And we're not *completely* closed yet. Stressed spelled backwards is desserts! So, is it pistachio or mint?"

"..." Gogo sighs and trudges over to the counter, eyeing the various flavors disinterestedly. "You got bubblegum?"

When she doesn't receive an answer, she looks up, bemused. The blonde is staring at her, her lips slightly parted. "Uh, earth to ice cream person? You there?"

The blonde blinks, before nodding furiously. "Yes! Yeah! Absolutely!" She pauses. "... Uh, what was it again?"

Gogo raises an eyebrow, before glancing at the blonde's nametag. *Honey Lemon*. She's tempted to say *nice name*, but it's not like she really has the right anyway. "Bubblegum. You got any of that?"

"Oh! Yeah! Uh..." Honey Lemon moves to the right slightly, peering at the tubs of ice cream. "Nope."

"Yes, you do," Gogo replies coolly, pointing at their menu. *Bubblegum flavor* was printed on it in blue, bubbly font.

"Er... we sold out." The blonde takes out the tub that has *bubblegum* labeled on it and dumps the minuscule amount it has left somewhere below the counter. "Yup, totally."

Gogo gives her a deadpan look. A very deadpan look.

"Um!" Honey Lemon forces a smile, looking entirely nervous. "We don't have bubblegum right now, sorry. Buuuut, if we exchange numbers, I can deliver you a pint of bubblegum ice cream once at whatever time you like." She winks. Gogo, to her credit, *tries* to look away. "What about it, Miss College Student?"

"It's Gogo," the biker says before she can stop herself. "And that sounds, uh. Nice." *I'm going to regret this tomorrow morning, I just know it.*

"I'm Honey Lemon, though you probably already know that," the blonde singsongs, looking excited as she leans over the counter. "So? Sooo? "

Gogo takes out one of her textbooks before thinking better of it - *I paid a fuck ton of dollars for this shit, I can sell it and get my money back when I don't need this little bitch anymore* - and settles for tearing a page out of one of her lesser-used notebooks. She scribbles down some numbers and folds it up before handing it over to Honey Lemon. The blonde looks like she barely restrains from grabbing it. "So, can I order something else for now, since bubblegum's all out?"

"That's fine." Honey Lemon tears the paper in half through the folded crease, pocketing the half with Gogo's number and writing her own,

passing it to the biker. "We still have some chocolate chip, if you'd like?"

"You got lemon flavor?"

"Geez, you look like hell," Tadashi remarks, resting his chin on the edge of his palm. "What did you do last night?"

Gogo shrugs. "Oh, well... I got an ice cream vendor's number... and some lemon ice cream with that."

Tadashi gives her a stare.

"Oh, yeah." The biker reaches in her jacket pocket before retrieving her phone. Honey Lemon's number is already added in her contacts as **lemon ice cream**. "You in the mood for ice cream? It's pretty hot today, and I can't finish a pint by myself."

Before Tadashi can respond (or open his mouth at all, really), Gogo's already lifted the phone to her ear. Honey Lemon picks up on the fourth ring. "*Oh, hello, is this Miss College Student... I mean, um, Gogo?*"

"Yep. I'd like my free pint of bubblegum now," Gogo says as casually as if she were talking to a close friend. "You know SFIT? I'm in the Nerd... I mean, I'll wait out by the gates for you."

"*SFIT? I study there!*" A tinkling laugh. Gogo nearly chokes on her saliva and drops a disk on Tadashi's foot, eliciting a vulgar curse from the man. "*The Nerd Lab, hm? Beauty and brains, it looks. Lucky me. I'll be there in twenty!*"

"You know where the Nerd Lab is?" Gogo blurts out. In the background, she can hear the bustling streets as Honey Lemon presumably exits the ice cream parlor. "And... And you *study* here? I... uh..."

"Yup! " The blonde answers cheerily. The ringing of a bicycle bell rings faintly. *"Anyway, I can't talk on the phone while biking there, so I'll see you in a bit!"* Before Gogo can reply, the line goes dead, and the biker drops her phone on a nearby desk.

"Was that the ice cream vendor you picked up somehow last night?" Tadashi asks, still clutching his foot tenderly. "You two sound pretty chummy."

"Yeah, she's... easy to get along with," Gogo says, leaving out how the blonde's face is also very pleasant to look at. "And she apparently studies here, *and* knows where the Nerd Lab is. She must have afternoon classes if she's at work right now."

"Wait, wait, wait." Tadashi holds out his hands, shaking his head slowly. "Ice cream vendor, studies here, knows where the Nerd Lab is..." He looks up at Gogo, who looked thoroughly confused. "Is her name Honey Lemon?"

"You know her?" The biker asks, unperturbed. She retrieves the metal disk she had dropped, tempted to slam it against Tadashi's foot just because, but decides not to because she's not *that* cruel.

"*You* know *her*?!" Tadashi nearly yells, before slamming his fists on Gogo's desk. "Damn! And I had a plan to get you and her together all ready and everything!"

Gogo glares at him. "Don't you touch my table like tha--wait, what?" Quite abruptly, her face fills up with red. "Wha-What the hell?! I... I don't like her or anything! Jesus, and you think we'll just hook up like that because you told us?"

"That wasn't the plan, which, I tell you, is quite elaborate and well thought-out," Tadashi exclaims, sniffing. "I was actually thinking of locking the both of you in a closet room and--"

Just as Gogo is about to smack Tadashi's face with her screwdriver, the doors to the Nerd Lab open - almost a little dramatically. "I'm

looking for someone named Gogo?" a high-pitched voice asks.

Both students turn to look at the newcomer, who now looks a little uncomfortable. "Honey! Over here!" Tadashi yells, waving her over.

Brightening at the sight of a familiar face, the blonde races over to where Tadashi is and spots Gogo next to him, looking vaguely betrayed. "Tadashi! Ah, and Miss Col... Gogo!"

"Don't just act like I didn't hear that!"

"Fancy seeing you here, Honey," Tadashi greets, nodding pleasantly. "My friend, Gogo. She wanted bubblegum ice cream. I didn't know you guys did delivery service?"

"Weee//..." Honey Lemon shrugs, sending a small, sly smile over to the rapidly blushing biker. "Miss Gogo's special!"

"Just Gogo."

"Miss Gogo!" The blonde exclaims, smiling almost tauntingly at Gogo, whose eye twitches. "I have your pint of bubblegum ice cream, as promised." She fishes the small container from her bright pink shoulder bag and hands it to Gogo, chest puffed out proudly (to which the biker stares at without shame).

"... Thanks," Gogo says, accepting the container and placing it on her desk. Tadashi eagerly excuses himself and heads off to his own station, likely to fetch some spoons. (Why he has spoons just lying in his station Gogo doesn't know, but it's not like she can talk.)

When Honey Lemon simply stands there, still smiling brightly, Gogo eventually returns her attention to the blonde. "... Uh, don't you have work, or something?"

"Yup," Honey Lemon replies, undeterred.

"And... And shouldn't you be... y'know, scooping ice cream for little kids or whatever?"

"Well, I need to collect my payment first," the blonde responds, her expression not wavering in the slightest.

Gogo, on the other hand, has her eyes opened wider than dinner plates. "Payment? Damn it, you didn't say anything about a payment! Er. What is it?" *Shit, I'll have to borrow from Tadashi again...*

"Your free time," Honey Lemon practically sings.

A short moment of silence. The blonde starts sweating, but her smile stays on resolutely. Gogo's jaw has gone far enough down to plunge through the cool metal floor.

"... Um, if it's not too much trouble, of course, 'cause I understand we're both college students and all and my free time might not be your free time and vice versa and you might even be straight which quite honestly terrifies me but--!" Honey Lemon takes a deep, long breath. "But, uh, if it's alright and you don't mind! Um..."

"A date? Are you asking me out on a date?" The biker blurts out, a smirk creeping up her face, at the same time Tadashi returns to hang around her table.

The other student blinks. Honey Lemon nods slowly, then quicker, with hopefulness and a look of pleading on her face. "If, If that's okay...?"

"So you *were* staring at my face last night," Gogo says in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Uh--!" The blonde's hands fly up to her cheeks in an effort to hide her blush. "T-That is... ! Well, I like what I saw! So!"

"Sure, I'll go on a date with you," Gogo says, shifting her weight from foot to foot nervously. She was trying *way* too hard to keep her voice from shaking. "But next time I swing by your ice cream place, there better be the following things: bubblegum flavor, *your* free time, and

an empty table. Got it?" *Jesus, just barely managed to keep from stammering.*

Gogo can see Tadashi pumping a fist in the air in the distance, but she's mostly focused on Honey Lemon, who looks like she's going into cardiac arrest with the way she's all but stopped breathing. The biker wouldn't be surprised if the blonde's heart had skipped a few beats as well. When the silence stretches on long enough for Gogo to start wondering if she needs to call Baymax, Honey Lemon suddenly jumps forward and engulfs her in a hug that the biker hadn't thought possible could exist. (Apparently, it can. But anyway.) "Thank you! Gosh, you're just kind of really cute and *pretty* --"

"Right, right, same to you," Gogo mutters, feeling the heat rising to her cheeks exponentially. "Also. You. You should be going now, back to work, right?"

"Oh, psh, I have the day-off today," Honey Lemon exclaims remarkably nonchalantly. "I had that pint of bubblegum ready in my freezer since last night." She pauses. "O-Oh. Uh, do you want me to leave? Am I interrupting your work? I'm sorry! T-That is--"

"Actually, I was wondering if you wanted to eat this with us," Gogo interrupts dryly, a wry smirk on her face as she jabs her thumb towards the still-cool container on her table. Tadashi's already prying it open, but the biker can honestly care less. "I'm pretty sure that moron still has an extra spoon anyway. So? What about it?"

The blonde looks speechless for a little, almost surprised, but immediately nods. "Y, Yeah! Of course! Um, thanks," she adds sheepishly. "I... haven't had breakfast yet. So, um. Yeah. It's... not really right for me to eat the ice cream of other people, is it?"

"If the person invited you to do it, it should be fine," Gogo replies, shrugging. "'Dash? You *do* have another spoon, right?"

"Of course I do. What do you take me for?" He sniffs, moving over to his station once more. Then he seems to think of something, before

whirling around and yelling, "By the way, I was so calling it on you two!"

Gogo hurls her screwdriver at him. Tadashi slams the door shut before it can make a permanent indent on his skull.